The *Whiggiſh* Fair Warning to the *Q---n*, upon the late Change of the *Miniſtry*; With the *Tory*'s fair Anſwer.

MAdam, look out, your Title is Arraign'd;
Sacheverell ſaps the Ground whereon you ſtand.
'Tis *Revolution* that upholds your Throne;
Let *Non Reſiſtance* thrive, and you're undone.
If Paſſive Doctrines boldly are reviv'd,
Your Crown's precarious, and your Reign ſhort-liv'd.
Such Notions with impunity profeſs'd,
Will make the Power of *Parliaments* a jeſt.
Their Acts of *Settlement* are Ropes of Sand,
And *Hannover* may Rule his native Land.
When Pulpits ſound no *Limitation*'s good,
No *Right*, but in Proximity of Blood,
Who ſees not the *Pretender*'s underſtood?
Impatient far their Darling *Chevalier*,
You're in their Mercy for another Year.
Tho' *Loyalty* and *Church*, are their pretence,
Inherent Birth-Right is their ſecret Sence,
And *Reſtoration* is the Conſequence.

The Anſwer, by *N. F. G.*

MOnarchs beware, your Titles they diſown,
Who ſay, *Obedience* undermines the Throne.
'Tis *Non-Reſiſtance* that upholds the Crown;
Let bold *Reſiſtance* thrive, 'twill tumble d[illegible].
If *Whiggiſh Maxims* faucily are taught,
Your Crowns are Baubles, and your Titles naught.
Such *Prophane Notions*, impudently preſs'd,
Will make *Supream Prerogative* a Jeſt.
All *Divine Rights* are then like Spiders Nets,
And *Church Decrees*, and *Homilies*, are Cheats.
When rank *Phanaticks* eagarly are bent
Againſt *Monarchical Eſtabliſhment*,
Who ſees not *Cromwel* is expreſly meant?
Impatient of their Darling *Commonwealth*,
Which they promote by violence, or ſtealth,
Tho' *Laws* and *Conſtitution*'s their pretence,
Inherent Anarchy's their ſecret Sence,
And *Decollation* is the Conſequence

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